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TUESDAY, MAY 13, 1919.

Twenty-five Reasons Why America Will Have Continuing Prosperity.

1. Foreign demand for our goods greater than we ever had before.
2. We have a merchant marine that we never had before.
3. We have better world-wide banking facilities than ever before in our history.
4. We have learned that waste is criminal, which will aid our future prosperity.
5. Our shelves of ordinary requirements are now empty.
6. Our cities require vast building projects.
7. America has lost little manpower in the war; Europe has lost much.
8. We will now export manufactured products where in the past we have principally exported raw materials.
9. We have learned to produce at home what we used to import—the money we used to send abroad will in the future stay here.
10. Think of the boom to the textile industry and merchandising industry by more than 4,000,000 men buying civilian clothes.
11. If we can stand the test of war in prosperity, we can stand the test of peace in prosperity.
12. Even the prosperity we have accumulated will make a purchasing power that will keep us generally prosperous for three years.
13. The profits from foreign trade will circulate here in America and bring increased purchasing power, prosperity, to our own people.
14. We may be unprepared for peace, but if we are as unprepared for it as we were for war—why, may the Lord help our trade rivals!
15. By our part in this war we have acquired a better good will for foreign trade than we could have gained by fifty years of trading relations—we have been advertised.
16. Our railroads require repairs, replacements and extensions, which is in itself a very large contribution to our prosperity in purchasing power.
17. Being manufacturers for foreign trade rather than just exporters of raw material, our payrolls will be larger for more purchasing power, prosperity, at home.
18. Most of the world's financing for developments, improvements and restoration must be done here, and it is only natural that the purchases of materials and supplies will be made here.
19. Germany will not be a competitive factor in the future, as in the past, for reasons of prejudice and the fact that her trade attention will be confined to Russia and the Far East for many years to come.
20. We have spread a knowledge of American manufacturing and transportation methods in France, which means that they will want our products and machinery in adopting them.
21. The young men returning from abroad will have better health, demand higher standards of life, and all for their greater productive and purchasing powers and to greater general prosperity.
22. We have learned to use the tractor on the farm within these four years of war, and which will mean a greater innovation and as much to our added future prosperity as the introduction of steam into general industry.
23. Our allies and our enemy are more war-worn than we, with their more than three years of war; they will not be as able to supply world markets as quickly as America, for it will take a longer time for them to get back into industry.
24. We have found in the past four years that we can produce more and better goods, and cheaper, with our well-paid labor than Germany with her low-paid and child labor, for the reason that our labor does more work in a given time.
25. More people in more parts of the world have been made receptive to new ideas and new utensils of life than ever before, by reason of this war—they have been introduced to artificial ice, sanitary devices, laundry machinery, and everything down to the safety razor—the demand for which we can supply.

The Peace Conference handles the future with masterly skill. The only problem it can't handle is the present.

Fool political 'isms can't make much headway in a country where the average man's chief concern is the education of his children.

Senator Moses urges the nomination of Leonard Wood for the Presidency, and we suppose Moses will pilot him through the political wilderness.

The Washington Herald's Poet Today Rhymes on The Materialist By EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

Spring brushed the earth with her fresh, sweet kiss
 And the new day dawned with a burst of bliss.
 "What a wonderful morning!" Judkins said;
 "What a glorious day to lie abed!"

The summer sun bubbled molten hot
 And the earth seemed almost a simmering pot.
 "I'm glad," said Judkins, "that summer is here.
 It gives such a relish to ice-cold beer."

Autumn arrived and the day's fair face
 Was veiled in a glamour of misty lace,
 And the stars of the night burned dark and deep;
 And Judkins said, "Ain't it great for sleep?"

And last came winter and in one night
 Old earth was bleached to a dazzling white.
 "Fine! Fine!" said Judkins, "this makes one feel
 A keen desire for a smoking meal."

When Judkins goes whither Peter waits
 To slip him in past the pearly gates,
 He'll blink his eyes at the broad pave shining
 And cry, "Say! Ain't this a place for mining!"

(Copyright, 1919.)

"SCHOOL DAYS"

By DWIG

New York, May 12.—Stephen Leacock, a serious college professor in Canada, but a wit when he comes down over the line into America, dropped in the other day—says the city of mad pleasure the once over and opines that the great metropolis is going crazy. He cannot forget the days of the 50-cent table d'hôte and the 10-cent tip.

He dropped into a Broadway eating place the other night and just as his soup came a group of Honolulians dashed out in the center of the big room and smote their blooming ukuleles and then a lady in spangles came prancing bare-legged up to Mr. Leacock's table singing, "Wanna Go Back to the Wagon." Mr. Leacock tossed her a twenty-cent note and told her to take the next train, but let him eat in peace.

Right there he declared that if over a movement started under the name of the Alabama Repatriation League for sending back to Alabama all its lost population he wanted to be in it from the start. Every cabaret girl he found is singing that she wants to go back to New York. He is going crazy, Leacock is right. The average citizen has found that his digestion will work only to the wild beating of the tom-tom and the mad shriek of the jazz. The whine and throb of the ukuleles begin at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and the Marimba artists start at 6. The town wants to satisfy its throat before the White Way becomes the Arid Alley.

People who never patronized the jazz joints before are now flocking to them. The one grand splash is on. Peculiarly some welcome the banishment of the highball, the gin drinks and the like, but for three successive nights a straw vote was taken in one of the most popular restaurants in New York. The question read: "Do you favor the 2.75 per cent beer?" There was not a dissenting vote, but nearly everybody wrote on the card that they opposed strong drinks. The mild brew they were willing to give as a sop to those who claim their personal liberty had been abused.

In the meantime the cabarets are reaping the harvest. In a few more weeks Broadway will know them no more.

A diamond expert happened to be walking down Franklin street the other day and discovered the full-grown and dazzling gem which P. T. Barnum, the old circus man, used to wear on public occasions. To give a circus touch of splendor, the diamond, which weighs five and one-half karats, is now owned by M. J. Meyer, a wholesale food merchant. The diamond was part of the Barnum uniform for ten years. He always wore it when he signed a check for more than \$10,000. For less important checks he had cheaper grades of the bijou stuff.

Dancing Johnny Dooley has become a celluloid comedian and will soon bloom in the fil-lums. He was standing in front of a bookie's office the other day when a policeman asked him to move on. "You can't out the police these days," said Johnny. "A couple of weeks ago a friend of mine was arrested for driving his car while drunk. Yesterday they took him for parking near a hydrant."

However, John's best story of the season concerns Private Hogan, seated in the first row at his fare-well theater party before sailing for France. He had imbibed a little too freely. An actress singing "Over There" kept pointing at Hogan. "You're going over, you're going over!"

"For the love of Mike," said Hogan, irritated. "I know it; you don't need to push me."

H. T. Webster, the cartoonist, was over in the wilds of New Jersey the other day and approaching the station master asked when the trains left for New York. "Fifteen minutes after half-past, quarter to and at," replied that worthy.

Our Mail Bag

To the Editor The Washington Herald:

Now that the permanent State exposition plan has been revived much has been said of late as to who is, or was, the original man to suggest it. It impresses me as unimportant who first suggested a "Permanent State Exposition" for Washington. The prime fact remaining is it is for the benefit of all is not the time ripe for an organization to be created to do it.

Quoting a typewritten report, known as a "Conference of Governors," held at the Hotel Powhatan, March 6, 1917, over two years ago, at which the Hon. William McK. Clayton presided. "The idea is neither new nor original, but is as old as our government, being one of the dreams of our first President, George Washington, so it would appear that the plan has been in the hope and dream of every generation since the time of Washington to witness the realization of such a plan."

The true worth and benefit to the whole country at large of such a permanent State exposition seems to have, without a dissenting voice, the unanimous approval of every individual and every group of men and women in the District of Columbia. I recently published letter in the newspapers of Washington has stimulated that sentiment into action, at what appears the psychological time to make this dream of many generations a reality, then it has indeed served its purpose.

In suggesting a guaranteed fund of five hundred thousand to be pledged by a hundred of the various business interests and corporations of Washington, I was prompted to do so because I was impressed by the very stupendousness of the task to be accomplished. Formulating plans for a Permanent State Exposition, as beneficial and worthy as the object is to our country in general, is a business on an indefinite period, maybe of years on the part of an organization created solely for that one purpose with high-salaried, well-paid trained corps of secretaries to carry on the work. Stop and think of the human machinery and funds needed to start a temporary World's Fair, and we are here proposing to do something even greater than that because it is of a permanent nature.

I am glad to learn that Col. Robert N. Harper, so highly regarded and so well known for his past accomplishments in civic matters, and a committee created for this very purpose some time ago are about to take steps towards the formation of such an organization devoted to a movement of this kind. With peace, the day has dawned for our Capital to take its place as the "International Show Place" of the world, and my most hearty support goes with the organization that will start out to do it.

FRANK M. LORD.

THE PARAGRAPHER'S NEWS VIEWS.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

William James Sidis, former Harvard prodigy, was caught red-bagging in the company of May-day demonstrators at Roxbury. Perhaps he has exhausted the mysteries of the fourth dimension and is following up the more difficult problem of a panacea for social ills.—Springfield Republican.

Why don't the labor unions, who seem to have the power to increase their wages, get busy and cut down the high cost of living? Is it possible there is something that a labor union cannot do?—Los Angeles Times.

Five hundred thousand persons in Germany, it is said, still love the Kaiser. Not only is it a queer world, in spots it is positively foolish.—Detroit Free Press.

A convict with the war cross and is cited three times in dispatches. Nothing so very remarkable about that—crime is often no more than a matter of misdirected energy.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Governor Smith, of New York, must be an exceptional sort of executive. He is said to be more popular than when elected, though most of his program was wrecked by a Republican legislature.—Chattanooga News.

The peace treaty is going to leave Germany with an oversupply of helmets.—Baltimore American.

Telling Germany the peace terms in 5,000 words rather sounds as if the Paris peace delegates may have given fairly full expression to the sentiments toward Germany entertained by civilization.—Baltimore Sun.

"Yes," said Mrs. Blunderby, "my nephew is home again, and you should just see his collection of mementos of the war."—Boston Transcript.

Crawford—"Since he became a magistrate his expenses are enormous." Crabshaw—"No wonder. He hires a doctor to keep him out of bed and a lawyer to keep him out of jail."—Life.

Church—"I see my neighbor has got a three-thousand-dollar car." Gotham—"Where did he get it?" "The car?" "No, the three thousand dollars?" "Oh, he hasn't got that yet."—Yonkers Statesman.

Close Friend—"I hear your husband has cases enough to keep him busy for two years." Lawyer's Wife—"Two years? My dear, don't tell a soul, but he's got enough in the cellar to keep him as busy as he usually is for the rest of his life!"—Buffalo Express.

Miss Fern House, who has been visiting in Sanford, Midland County, has returned to her home in Rosebush.—Houghton Gazette.

Doctor—"You need to be treated for the whiskey habit. Pat—Begobh! that's how I got it."—Boston Transcript.

OPHELIA'S SLATE.

OPHELIA

TOO MANY COOKS ARE HARD TO GIT

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Who's Who in Our City

By John Kendrick Bangs.

Like to the winging bird I'd soar aloft into the springy air so fairly soft, and on the topmost bough of some green tree.

Four out in song the very soul of me; And with the breezes speed my singing way.

Rejoicing in the beauty of God's day Upon this earth which holds in fullest need.

Rich gifts of every sort to meet my need.

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR

THE SINGING WAY.

By John Kendrick Bangs.

Although Merritt O. Chance is now the Washington city postmaster, he still remembers with pride the first money he made selling the St. Louis Republic and the Globe Democrat in his home town, Mount Vernon, Ill.

This same newsstand meant a university education for the president of St. Mary's College, at Raleigh, N. C., and it also enabled Mr. Chance to come to Washington when still a lad of 18.

Since first entering the government service as assistant messenger in 1888, Mr. Chance's advance has been a series of progressive steps. He remained one or two years in each position only to be pushed on when an opening for an energetic young man was found. He has been city postmaster since 1915, the longest period Mr. Chance has ever spent in one position.

His successive steps have been: December 10, 1888, assistant messenger; transferred to War Department as clerk, promotions yearly until December 16, 1895. Three and a half years later he was created chief clerk, fourth assistant postmaster general, and it was in this position that Mr. Chance began his postoffice work.

Then followed a series of experiences with upward progress until 1911, when from the position of auditor of the Postoffice Department, he was appointed secretary to the President's Commission on Economy and Efficiency.

His devoted and conscientious work on the commission won him a membership on July 1, 1912. Less than twelve months later he was made chief clerk and superintendent of the Post Office Department. On September 1, 1915, Mr. Chance was appointed Washington postmaster, little knowing that he would face the greatest problems of handling the National Capital mail that has ever been the lot of a city postmaster.

In war-time Washington, the city postoffice has daily cared for more mail than ever passed through the city postoffice during the busiest of Christmas seasons and this with a force crippled by having many skilled employees absent in the army. Washington is now one of the "big four" city postoffices, ranking with New York, Philadelphia and Boston for the number of pieces that are each day cancelled.

With other cares over, Mr. Chance's chief delight is to motor to his summer home at Kensington, Md., and his garden with every variety of vegetable and flower acclimated to this district.

Mr. Chance is married and has one son, Lieut. Gordon M. F. Chance, who served his country with the Marines.

He is a member of a number of clubs, among those are the Cosmos, the Press, the Loyal Legion, the board of management of the Y. M. C. A., the Commercial Club, the Washington Chamber of Commerce, the Board of Trade, the Stores-Temple lodge of the Masonic order, as well as serving as chairman of the Washington "Billy" Sunday committee.

Britain to Pay U. S. \$35,500,000.

Great Britain has agreed to pay the United States \$35,500,000 as a balance settlement of all war material claims between the two countries, Secretary of War Baker announced yesterday.

'Round the Town

With CAPE J. WALTER MITCHELL

How to Pronounce Chevy Chase. My good old-time newspaper co-worker, JOHN B. MCCARTHY, sent me the following good one:

"Like a great many other persons, I have had some trouble in the matter of pronunciation, but thanks to a conversation I overheard some nights since on a Chevy Chase car, I will not have any trouble in the future, for I have been furnished with the rule, a brief but comprehensive one. I realize that it will be specially advantageous to me.

"The conversers were two 'cullud ladies,' one of whom attracted my attention by the remark: 'My missus who am in de factry division ob de Census Office, says all dese people dat renounce de words Chevy Chase am ignorant an' wrong. She says de proper renunciation ob Chevy Chase am Chevy Chassay, an' dat de rule am to always put de accent on de las' pronoun.'

"Now, there you are, Chevy Chassay, and it is well to remember always where to put the 'access.'"

Resort of Venerable Bookworms. For nearly half a century Georgetown has possessed a library that has been exploited but little, yet is a sort of treasure island to bookworms who know of its existence. The Peabody public library is located at 3233 O street northwest, and the librarian is Miss EVA NELSON GILBERT. The institution was endowed by PEABODY, the millionaire-philanthropist, and established about 1870. On its shelves are approximately 9,000 volumes including some rare old books of ancient Maryland and District laws, besides documents of away-back sessions of Congress. The original endowment by PEABODY was \$15,000, which amount was later increased.

Modern Theater for Georgetown. While in West Washington I was informed by several business men that the report that a modern movie theater is to be erected in Georgetown is persistent. A merchant on Thirty-second street said he had been informed that a site for the proposed playhouse had been selected near Dumbarton and Wisconsin avenues. The general prediction was that such a venture would prove to be a financial success.

An Odd Police Assignment. Folks who persist in placing waste paper and other debris from their homes in the public trash boxes will be pounced upon by officers of the law. I am informed that Policeman MERTZ has had added to his other duties the task of preventing householders from placing their refuse in these receptacles, and to inform them that the boxes are for the benefit of pedestrians who would otherwise litter up the roadways and pavements with waste paper, etc. It is said this rule became necessary because the boxes were filled to overflowing by housekeepers without regard to the fact that there is no appropriation available for removing the accumulated trash.

Against "Pink Tea" Government. Representative BENJAMIN K. FOCHT, Republican, of Pennsylvania, is outspoken against what is known as "the invisible government" of the District by so-called aristocrats. He says when anything is needed for Washington, including suffrage, the solid business men, workmen and other citizens should get together and formulate their plans concretely and comprehensively in order that Congress may act intelligently on the matter to be considered. "And above all things," he said, "keep out the real estate sharks."

Heart-to-Heart Talks, New Feature. With the view of comforting and mothering homesick war workers, Dr. ELNORA C. FOLKMAR informed me that every Thursday hereafter in the candle-light hours a social evening will be held in the rooms of the Woman's Evening Clinic, 720 Thirteenth street northwest, with Dr. MINA B. SHARP as hostess. The occasions will be featured by heart-to-heart talks between the women physicians and their guests. It is aimed to make these affairs popular with the young war workers who are in need of motherly advice and guidance. Dr. FOLKMAR also said a reorganization of the clinic is planned for the near future.



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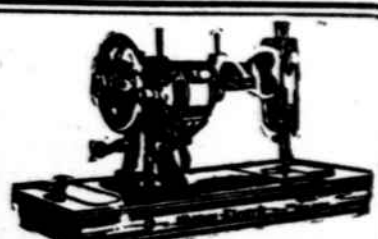
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